VERSES

Occaſioned by ſeeing the

PALACE, PARK, SCHOOL, *and*

TOWN *of*

DALKEITH,

ANNO MDCCXXXII.

Humbly Inſcrib'd to His Grace

The Duke of *Buccleugh.*

——————— Nature here
Wantons as in her Prime, and plays at Will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring out new Sweets
Wild above Rule or Art, enormous Bliſs!

EDINBURGH,
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

VERSES, occasioned by seeing the Palace, Park, School and Town of Dalkeith, &c.

I Ask not *Phœbus*, nor the fabled Nine,
To rule the Verse, or favour my Design:
Of Nature's Beauties, ravish'd, while I sing,
Aid me, thou matchless Pow'r, from whom they spring!
By whose supreme Command, profuse, they rise,
And in a thousand Forms attract our Eyes.

Shall *Windsor's Groves*, when all their Bloom is lost,
In sacred Verse unfading Verdure boast?
Shall *Cooper's Hill*, for ever dear to Fame,
Preserve its Honours lasting as its Name?
And shall Oblivion still a *Scene* conceal,
That yields to neither, were it known as well?

But how shall Words the varied Plan disclose,
Like native Life, what faint Resemblance glows!
Yet would the Muse, enamour'd of her Theme,
As pleas'd she roves on *ESCA*'s mazy Stream,
The blooming Wonders that surround her sing,
And touch once more the long unpractis'd String.

Nor thou, Illustrious *SCOT*, whom Heav'n ordains
Lord of these Groves, and all the neighb'ring Swains,
Disdain the Verse, but mild the Muse receive,
And to her rural Notes Attention give,
That faithful would th' united Charms relate,
Which Art and Nature lend thy Princely Seat.

Clasp'd

Clasp'd in the Arms of two ſurrounding Floods,
Compaſs'd with gentle Hills and riſing Woods,
On a green Bank the beauteous Fabrick ſtands,
And the ſubjected Stream with Pride commands.
What tho no lofty Domes project in Air,
Or lengthen'd Colonnades with Pomp appear;
Yet is the Whole in ſimple State deſign'd,
Plain and majeſtick, like her mighty Mind;
From *Gothick* Ruin, and obſcure Diſgrace,
Who rais'd the ſlumbring Genius of the Place,
And fix'd the Manſion of her future Race.

Within collected, all the Beauties ly,
That Art can form, or foreign Lands ſupply:
Here the fair Pillar rears its poliſh'd Height,
And with its Harmony detains the Sight;
There the great Works the Maſter Pencil drew,
Start from the Walls, and ſwell to meet the View!
How juſt each Stroke! how ſoft each flowing Line!
In every Piece, what ſtrong Perfections ſhine!
I ask whence Light and Shade ſuch Pow'r derive,
And almoſt think the glowing Figures live!
Thro ev'ry Part, delighted, as I ſtray,
New Beauties catch me, and retard my Way.
Now *India*'s rich *Groteſques* with vivid Dyes,
In gay Confuſion play before my Eyes;
And the bright Labours of the artful Loom,
With painted Grace embelliſh every Room:
While ſhining Mirrors there protract the Scene,
Reflect the hanging Trees and winding Stream:
But all ſo rang'd, ſo elegantly plac'd,
As ſhows the Coſt inferior to the Taſte.

Proud of the Treaſures it conceal'd within,
So have I, unadorn'd, a Caſket ſeen,

Which

Which open'd, did ſurprizing Wealth unfold,
India's rich Gems, and bright *Peruvian* Gold.

Preſerv'd by Time, here Beauty ſeems to breath,
And mocks the Spite of Age, and Darts of Death;
Renew'd by *Lely*'s, or by *Kneller*'s Hand,
Angelick Forms! the *Britiſh* Charmers ſtand!
And ſuch the Force of Life reſembling Art,
Still touch the Soul, and triumph o'er the Heart.

There plac'd on high the Royal Youth appears,
Whoſe early Fate demands the Muſes Tears;
Beneath the Chief the generous Courſer rears,
And ſeems tranſported with the Weight he bears:
How ſweet his Looks, how gallant is his Air!
Warlike as *Mars*, and as *Adonis* Fair!
But doom'd, alas, by Deſtiny to prove,
Ambition's Victim, and the Slave of Love!
With all the Gifts adorn'd that Man could boaſt,
His opening Vertues juſt diſplay'd, and loſt.
Loſt in eternal Night his riſing Fame,
And not a Muſe to vindicate his Name;
Heroick *Monmouth!* could my feeble Lay,
Thy early Dawn of Excellence diſplay;
With ſacred Lawrels ſhould thy Temple ſhine,
And grateful yield a ſlender Wreath to mine.

So does the Sun his Orient Beams diſplay,
And gives the Promiſe of a ſmiling Day;
Whenere he reaches his fair Meridian Height,
Oppoſing Clouds conceal him from our Sight;
Till loſt in Darkneſs to his Fall he bends,
And veil'd in Night his mournful Progreſs ends.

But ſee what Beauties bleſs th' adjacent Ground,
What wild romantick Proſpects riſe around!

In

In Silence here, unrival'd Nature reigns,
Blooms in the Wood, and ſmiles along the Plains;
With all her native Charms allures the Heart,
And far diſdains the mimick Force of Art.

Here when *Aurora* with her Crimſon Dyes
Proclaims the Day, and ſtains the blushing Skies;
While the bright Dew beſpangles all the Plain,
And ſoft, the wakeful Lark, renews her Strain;
On ſome fair Bank, where circling Waters play,
The placid Scene attentive I ſurvey,
While round my Head the balmy *Zephyres* breathe,
And the clear Stream in murmurs flows beneath:
From theſe my Paſſions gently learn to move,
And leave my Soul compos'd to Peace and Love.

'Tis hot ---- and *Phoebus* ſhines intenſely bright;
The dark Receſſes of the Wood invite:
Where ancient Oaks their ſacred Branches ſpread,
And court the Wonderer to the ſolemn Shade;
With conſcious Awe I view the Gloom around,
And ſoftly tread along the peaceful Ground.
There the ſteep Precipice with craggy Brow,
Hangs o'er the Deep, and forms an Arch below.
Scarce the loſt Eye perceives the winding Flood,
From Woods that riſes and is loſt in Wood.
With Noiſe unheard it rolls its Chriſtal Waves,
And faintly glitters thro' the quiv'ring Leaves:
While diſtant Hills a varied Proſpect yield,
And golden Harveſts grace the fruitful Field.

The Deer now ſeek the Shelter of the Grove,
Or thro' the Foreſt unmoleſted rove:
Some lye repos'd, while others careleſs ſtray,
And their young ſportive Fawns around them play.
How happy they, who here enjoy, at Eaſe,
Nature's firſt Bleſſings, Liberty and Peace!

While

While wretched Man, the Slave of Hopes and Fears,
Thro' Life ſuſtains a Train of endleſs Cares.

Round the fair Park the Guardian Rivers glide,
Now ſeem to meet, and now their Arms divide:
Like ſome Coy Nymph the ſouthern *Naiade* plays,
And thro' the Meads and Groves forgetful ſtrays;
With wanton Grace ſhe bathes her flowry Shores,
And each new Object ſeems to change her Courſe:
But like ſome vigorous Lover, fond and young,
The northern Water ſwiftly rolls along;
Thro' Rocks and Woods precipitates his Pace,
And ſeizes unobſerv'd the ſecret Place,
From whence he ruſhes to the Nymph's Embrace:
Swell'd with his Prize he proudly cuts the Plain,
And flows exulting to his Parent Main.

The lengthning Shadows, and the cooler Air,
The ſoft Approach of Evening now declare.
In a fair Vale, that courts the ſetting Sun,
I end the Pleaſures that the Day begun.
Before my Eye a riſing Grove appears;
The purling Waters ſoothe my raviſh'd Ears;
The warbling Birds their tuneful Songs repete,
And the ſad Turtle murmurs for her Mate:
Touch'd with her plaintive Woe to her alone
I liſten, and conceive her Griefs my own.
From grateful Toil repos'd, I gently reſt;
And all, unmix'd, the Sweets of Nature taſte:
Sweets that for ever pleaſe, but never cloy,
And fill the virtuous Soul with conſtant Joy.

Nature, thou Pow'r divinely fair and young,
Like the *Great Being* from whoſe Word thou ſprung!
Unwearied ſtill, the Bleſſings I explore,
Which o'er the Earth thy Hands inceſſant pour:

And

And while I view thy Works with fond Delight,
Wealth and Ambition vaniſh from my Sight:
I loathe the giddy Pleaſures of the Town;
I long to taſte thy purer Joys alone;
I court the Gloom, and ſigh to be unknown!
With envious Eyes, Behold the Shepherd's Lot,
In Shades who dwells contented, tho' forgot;
And wiſh the Bliſs, from Noiſe and Buſineſs free,
To Live in Silence---- and Converſe with thee!
Beneath the Shade of *Windſor*'s lofty Grove,
On Silver *Thames*, as *Eaton*'s Muſes rove;
Nor do the Nine on *ESCA*'s Bank diſdain
To chooſe a Shelter, and renew their Strain:
While theſe fair *Scenes* to learned Eaſe invite,
And heighten Contemplation to Delight:
Within this bleſt Retreat the *Britiſh* Youth
Are taught the Love of Virtue, and of Truth:
And from the Patterns of preceeding Days,
Learn by juſt Merit to arrive at Praiſe:
From ancient Heroes catch the noble Fire,
And grow to practiſe what they firſt admire;
While healthful Exerciſe the Mind unbends,
And Health and Study ſerve each others Ends:
I view the happy School,---and thence preſage
The glorious Harveſt of a riſing Age.

And now deſcending from her ſhort-liv'd Height,
Th' advent'rous Muſe reſtrains her further Flight:
Reluctant, cloſes the unequal Strain,
And leaves with ling'ring Steps the lovely Plain;
Pleas'd, that the Beauties of a Place ſo fair,
Have firſt, tho faintly, been deſcrib'd by Her.
Her humbler Numbers if the Criticks blame,
Before they cenſure, let them view her Theme:
Where nothing nice or regular has Part,
But all is Nature, undiſgu'd with Art.

FINIS.